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MEMORANDA ON MEMORY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

In a late article entitled "Natural Daguerreotyping," we adverted to some of the phenomena connected with memory, but had not room to enter fully into the subject. This we regretted, because memory is one of the few departments of mental science which can be treated in a way level to ordinary comprehension, and, we may perhaps add, from which any benefit can be derived by ordinary people. We now, therefore, propose to return to the subject, trusting to be able to excite some interest in it, and to draw from it some general truths calculated to be of service to our readers.

It is needless to define or describe memory either in dictionary fashion or in the manner of those who treat mind as a science. Every one knows what is meant by it. It is also scarcely necessary to remark, how needful to man and some of the higher animals below his grade, is this permanence of ideas in the brain, as otherwise there could have been no benefit from experience, and no accumulation of knowledge—nothing, indeed, but a state of perpetual infancy. The general character of memory, and its utility, being understood, we may proceed to trace some of the features of what may be called its natural history.

The great mass of mankind are no way remarkable in respect of memory. They remember with tolerable distinctness the principal events of their lives and a large amount of familiar knowledge, and are pretty sure to keep in mind any ordinary duty expected of them. But there is no particular class of ideas of which they retain an unusual quantity, or in the recollection of which they display an unusual aptitude or readiness. Such persons may sometimes be heard to complain that they have no memory for what they read, or what they hear from the pulpit, and a variety of other matters; but it will generally be found that all things level to their capacity, and in which they take any interest, remain the average time on their minds.

In a comparatively small number of persons, what is commonly called a defective memory may be observed; that is, they show a general incapacity of retaining knowledge or remembering individuals or occurrences, and rarely have their ideas readily at command. Generally, these are languid and lethargic persons, of heavy soft appearance; but there is also a class of light and sprightly beings who are very unretentive of ideas, and often forget important things till too late. Dullness in the one and restlessness in the other, seem to prevent the mind from receiving impressions with the ordinary depth of stamp. Such persons are noted in the world as bad for conveying messages or executing commissions, as they are so apt to forget or neglect what was intrusted to them. They are the people who, in visiting, drop handkerchiefs in parlours, and pretermit umbrellas in lobbies, to which they never afterwards can establish any clue. It is curious here to see opposite general characters of mind apparently unfavourable to memory. There is another class of persons reputedly immemorial; namely, those who are much given to abstraction. "How can they remember anything?"—such is the common complaint respecting them—"they are always dreaming!" And the reason is perfectly just. Absorbed in their own reflections, they pay little attention to what is said or done around them, and consequently remember little of either.

Cases of defective memory have even been found in persons of distinguished talents. No one will say that Montaigne was otherwise than an able man; his works show the liveliest play of thought, and the

nicest discrimination in a vast number of things, which are to be met with in any author. Yet he tells us that his memory was wholly bad—that he would forget the pass-word he had himself given out to his company, and where he had hid his purse, and the names of his servants; that, if anything came into his head that he had a mind to look for, or to write out, and if he had to cross a court before doing so, he was obliged to commit it to another person's memory, lest even in that brief space of time it might slip from him; and that, whatever he learned in reading, he never afterwards could be sure whether it was another's or his own. We have no doubt that many similar instances could be adduced, though it is not at first easy to see how any one can be distinguished for mental abilities who has not what is called a good memory.

We have now to advert to cases of extraordinary endowment of memory. Some of these are certainly calculated to excite no small degree of wonder. Sir James Mackintosh could repeat long passages from books which he had read many years before, and that without missing a word. Dr John Leyden, after once reading any long formal document, such as an act of parliament, could repeat the whole of it, word for word. Sir Walter Scott, hearing James Hogg recite a long ballad of his own composition, repeated it from beginning to end some time after; and he is said to have committed the whole of the Pleasures of Hope to memory from once reading it. Even the gay and brilliant Sheridan could perform wonders of this kind. It was said of Cuvier that he never forgot anything; and his grasping and retentive memory was considered as one of the principal bases of his great success as a man of science. The assurance we have of the truth of such facts, confirms many similar anecdotes told by old authors, which we should otherwise have hesitated to believe. It is related, for example, of Fuller, the quaint author of the "Worthies of England," that he could repeat the whole of the inscriptions on the shops of tradesmen, occurring between Ave Maria Lane and the further end of Chopside. Magliabechi is said to have restored, from his memory, the contents of a valuable and unique manuscript which had been lost. The King of Prussia's trick of accusing Voltaire of plagiarism, by introducing a person who laid claim to the philosopher's last new poem, and supported the assertion by repeating the verses after having heard them only once, was not original. It has occurred thrice, Seneca having been the first author of the jest. It is told of Justus Lipsius, who was considered as one of the most learned men living in the latter part of the sixteenth century, that he could undertake to recite the whole works of Tacitus, without missing one word. Scaliger committed the Iliad and Odyssey to memory in twenty-one days. Perhaps it would only be tiresome to extend these instances; but we may at least advert to some information which Cicero gives us about men of great memory who lived in his day. He speaks of a Greek who could repeat the contents of most books which he read, and draws a curious and important distinction between two Romans equally remarkable. One of these, Hortensius, an orator, could sit in an auction-room for a whole day, and, at the close, enumerate from memory the whole of the articles which had been sold, their prices, and the names of the purchasers. The other, Lucullus, a soldier, could at any time give a full and minute account of the public affairs of Rome at home and abroad. Cicero remarks, that the former had a great memory for words, the latter for things. The memory of Leyden, and some others in the above enumeration, was probably of the same character as that of Hortensius.

It is very remarkable, that a powerful and ready memory of some partial kind is frequently found in persons of weak intellects. We knew a half-fatuous man of humble condition, who, meeting a gentleman after an interval of about twenty-five years, not only recognised him, but remembered a particular trivial occurrence of his early life, which he mentioned unprompted. Another known to us possessed the ability to carry away long passages of any sermon which he heard, and which he would afterwards recite with the exact manner and tone of the preacher. And it is, we believe, quite indubitable, that a blind man of weak mind, who died a few years ago at Stirling, knew the whole of the Old and New Testaments by heart.* Cases of this kind, and the kindred class in which individuals rather marked for general inferiority are found not deficient in memory, have led to a notion, that a powerful memory is a decided symptom of poor abilities—a notion clearly irreconcilable with other facts.

It seems to be fully established, that different persons have a retentive and ready memory for different things. Leyden, Scaliger, Lipsius, and some others, had a great memory for literary matter, or, more comprehensively speaking, language. They were scholars; language, apart from ideas, was the leading subject of their thoughts—what they worked in, in short. If these men were to have a remarkable memory for anything, it might be expected to be for that upon which the active powers of their minds were chiefly bent. So it is with other persons. Francis I. of France was remarkable for the accuracy with which he could remember the number of men, the amount of provisions and furnishings, which any of his provinces could contribute towards the carrying on of war. To account for this, we have only to suppose a man of detail, eager for military glory. Napoleon, who had a great mind for mere facts, and a sufficiency of the love of military glory, is said to have exhibited a minute memory of much the same kind. It is well-known that some remember faces better than names, and some names better than faces. Montaigne was of the former order: he would remember a person by his appearance, but be unable to recollect more of his name than the initial or whether it was a smooth or rough, a long or a short name. It happens with many, that, in discoursing with persons intimately known to them, they will attempt to address them by name, and not get beyond the prefix Mister, stopping short there with an awkwardness for which they cannot help blushing. And it is, we believe, a case not without example, that a man has forgot his own name. Some are remarkable for the immense number of persons whom they will remember upon the briefest acquaintance. Of this order was George III., who, it is said, retained a remembrance of a wonderfully great proportion of the persons introduced at his levees, and recognised them many years after on their re-appearance. On the other hand, some persons by no means generally deficient in mind are remarkably apt to forget those whom they have seen, even, it may be, more than once. There is a well-known memory for music, which will bring away long pieces from an opera, and catch up almost any ordinary song at one playing, while the individual so characterised finds himself often at a loss to remember the couple of verses with which the song is associated. As we cannot well have too many facts

* Old Wanley tells us, in his curious book, the "Wonders of the Little World," of a Mr Humphrey Burton of Coventry, whom he knew in the year 1670, and who was able, when any chapter of the Bible was mentioned to him, to describe its contents in a Latin distich. "I myself," says Wanley, "have frequently put him to the trial."

on such subjects, the present writer may be pardoned for alluding to a partial good memory which he has sometimes heard his friends ascribe to him: it is for events and dates. There is nothing which he is so likely to remember distinctly as a historical fact; and he has the same chance to remember the date as the fact itself. The reason he believes to be, that he feels a greater interest in history than in any other study, and, having ideas connected with every different age, can associate every event with its time, and feel the greater interest in it from doing so, so that he has a sense and a sentiment connected with dates, which most men probably want. Numbers, in general, are accurately remembered by very few, and undoubtedly this is because only a few form a sensible idea from numbers, or feel a lively interest in them. But those who take the same pleasure in working amongst numbers which Scaliger and Leyden took in dabbling amongst words, would be found to remember them as well as any other class of ideas, and perhaps better than most.

THE ORPHAN TWINS OF BEAUCE.

A TRUE TALE OF FRANCE.

MANY are the distinguished writers of our own day, who have felt it alike their duty and their pleasure to hand down to posterity traits of female self-devotion, holding its unfaltering course undismayed by the difficulties and trials with which providence (as it were) to lend it sublimer lustre has seen meet to surround its path; following uncalculatingly its high and holy impulses, with no other than the purest, and therefore most irresistible of all motives, the accomplishment of some generous purpose connected with the well-being of another.

The heroic Elizabeth of Siberia, and the devoted wife of Count Lavalette—those bright examples of filial and conjugal self-sacrifice—may be thought to have owed to noble birth and superior education the inspiration of a lofty deed, and the courage requisite for its accomplishment. But had not our own Jeanie Deans proved that magnanimity and fortitude are not the exclusive appendages of wealth or nobility, an anecdote from a neighbouring country* will show that, in a class almost lower still, with instinct alone for a guide, and nature for an instructress, traits of virtue may be gleaned, the more honourable and deserving of rescue from oblivion, that they looked for no other recompense than the happiness which it was their object to promote.

If Sir Walter's heroines may be imagined to have imbibed from the country of her birth somewhat of its romantic elevation, such could not have been the case with our foreign heroine; for the plains of Beauce, where she first saw the light, though styled, from their fertility, the garden of France, are of the tamest and least picturesque character; nor was her vocation—that of maid-of-all-work in a farm-house—better calculated to inspire and foster a delicacy of feeling, often wholly independent of external circumstances.

It was in the thriving village of Artenay, about fifteen miles from Orleans, that Genevieve Asselin and her twin brother Maurice came into the world, and displayed, from their joint cradle, an intensity of love for each other, which it was the joy of worthy parents to witness and cultivate. All went well in the happy household, till the father, a well-employed journeyman wheelwright, fell a victim to accident in the exercise of his profession; his neat tidy helpmate quickly followed him to the grave; and the twin children, then twelve years old, were taken home by their late father's master, and treated as his own—a species of adoption common enough in the villages of France, to prove that the dwellers beneath their thatched roofs consider themselves as the natural guardians of the orphans left among them without home or support.

Briefly must five happy years be passed over, during which the brother was instructed in his father's trade, and the sister made herself useful in all possible ways to the new parent, beneath whose eye they grew up lovingly together. But their protector, too, was taken from them by death; and the son who succeeded him in the workshop did not, alas! inherit with it his father's considerate tenderness for the poor twins. The boy he tasked beyond his strength, and exacted from the girl such humiliating drudgery, that even gratitude to their benefactor could not long reconcile them to slavery with his successor.

Abundance of employment could have been found for the orphans separately; but to live apart had become to them a thought more formidable than any extent of privation together. To work, for weeks perhaps, at distant farms, and leave Genevieve to the mercy of strangers, seemed to Maurice deserting both duty and happiness; while, if Genevieve plied her late mother's skill with some village sempstress, the idea of who would care for Maurice, make ready his simple meals, and keep in order his rustic wardrobe, would haunt her to a degree which made remaining asunder impossible.

Together, then, like two saplings from one parent

stem, which the force of the blast but entwines more inseparably, did the orphans struggle on through increasing hardships, until a rich farmer, compassionate their condition, and moved by their rare attachment, once more opened to them a joint home, on terms which, since one roof was to shelter them, they were too much overjoyed even to inquire into.

Here, for five more happy years, the lad found on the extensive farm ample employment—now in his original vocation, now as a willing sharer in the labours of the field; while the care of the poultry, and all the miscellaneous duties of a *basse-cour* in France, lent robustness to the frame of his cheerful sister. A passing smile, or shake of the hand, through the day, sufficed to lighten its toils to both; and to sit together over the fire, or on some sunny bank at its close, was an extent of happiness they never dreamt of exchanging.

But the "course of true love"—even when hallowed, as here, by the sweetest ties of nature—seldom long "runs smooth." Harvest—in Beauce a season of peculiar activity and importance—was progressing amid the most strenuous exertions of old and young; and Maurice, always earliest and latest in the field, and gifted with uncommon strength and agility, was eagerly engaged in a sultry afternoon in placing, before an impending storm, the crowning sheaf on an immensely high stack, when one more vivid flash than ordinary of the lightning, which had long been playing along the uninclosed corn-fields, struck the exposed pinnacle to which the poor lad clung, and hurled him down, breathless and senseless, among the pile of sheaves, collected for a fresh stack, below.

When the other workmen, many of them stunned by the same shock, gathered round their late fellow-labourer, they at first concluded him to be dead. A faint sigh deceived them; but his eyes, when they did open, rolled vacantly round, and vainly did he attempt to utter a word. By feeble signs, he pointed to his head as the seat of some fatal injury, of which no external trace could, however, be detected; but the effects of which were manifest in his limbs, which, on their attempting to raise him, bent utterly powerless beneath his weight, and he again fainted away.

It was a sad and sobered group who followed to the farm the wagon containing the well-nigh lifeless body of their light-hearted young comrade. But how powerless are words to describe the state of his sister, when the brother on whom she doted was brought home to her more dead than alive—how she suppressed the first burst of uncontrollable agony, to sit on the bed to which she had helped to lift him—his poor head resting on her bosom, her eyes fixed on her darling twin, in long and vain expectation of some sign of returning life!

Faint tokens came at last to reward her; but the glance of the slowly-reviving one rolled wildly around, without resting on anything, till it met the fixed one of Genevieve, when a scarce perceptible smile crossed the pale lips of the sufferer. "He knows me!" exclaimed the fond girl. "God has spared him to me, and will yet grant me to be the means of restoring him by my care and kindness. We were born together, and together I feel we must live or die!"

The well-known voice found its way to the inmost heart of poor Maurice; faint would he have spoken a word of love and comfort in return, but his paralysed tongue refused its office. All he could do was to point, with a feeble hand, to his forehead, and express, by faint signs, that there was the seat of the malady. The most skillful physician of the district, after an hour of unremitting attention, came to the conclusion, that paralysis had, for the present, affected both the head and lower limbs, but that the favourable symptom of his being able to point to the former, gave hopes that consciousness and reason would soon be fully restored.

And when, at the end of a week, the poor fellow stammered forth a few broken words, the first of which were "Genevieve" and "sister," who can tell her joy to be thus called on by the companion of her birth. To think he would no longer be a breathing mass, without the power of expressing a thought or a feeling, seemed reward enough for all her nights and days of anxious watching by his side. Since he had begun to speak, he would, no doubt, soon regain the use of his limbs. His arms got daily stronger, and to the precious word, "sister," he would by degrees add the welcome ones, "dear girl," "my help," "my comfort," and the yet more affecting request that she would "take pity on him."

"Oh yes, yes!" she would eagerly answer; "God will take pity on us, and let me make you well by dint of care and kindness." But if, as she thus spoke, she inadvertently kissed a little more fervently than usual the poor sick head which rested on her faithful bosom, the screams of the poor sufferer, and convulsive fits on the slightest pressure, revealed the unchanged cause of his continued helplessness.

The doctor, once more summoned, pronounced the debility of the lower limbs all but hopeless; and the severe winter of 1823 was passed by the twins in a state more easily to be imagined than described. Genevieve devoted all its long nights, and every moment she could snatch from her work through the day, to the couch of the unfortunate cripple, who, though resigned to his own condition, yet prayed to be released by death from being a burden to all around him—to the sister especially, whose youth and strength he was wasting, and whose every prospect in life he felt

blighted by the calamity which had overtaken his own early career.

"Do you wish me dead, when you speak so, Maurice?" she would sobbingly reply to these heart-rending lamentations. "Do you think I could stay upon earth if you go and leave me! I sometimes think I am going too, for my poor head throbs, and my limbs bend under me at times, almost like yours."

"I well believe it," the poor cripple would reply; "but it is all fatigue. You take no rest either by day or night!"

"Oh, never mind that; God has given me strength to work, and the hope of seeing you at work again at your old trade keeps me up. Never lose heart, brother dear! You've seen the corn beat flat many a time and oft by the wind and rain, yet half a day's brisk breeze and sunshine set it all up again finer than ever!"

These encouraging words, from the most sensible, as well as most loving of sisters, had the effect of making the poor lad at times look forward to possible recovery; and to keep up his industrious habits, and neatness of hand, he amused himself ere long in his chair with bits of ingenious workmanship; among others, a little model of a four-wheeled wagon on springs, in which it was his utmost ambition to be drawn by some of his comrades to church or the village green on the evening of a holiday, to witness, since he could not share in, the sports of his rustic neighbours.

His sister, who was in the secret, and had furnished all that was required for the construction of the pet model of a carriage, had her own views on the subject, which were, that it should be drawn by no one but herself. And harnessed in what was to her a complete car of triumph, she was able, after repeated trials, to fulfil her brother's darling wish, that he should attend, on Easter Sunday, the parish church of Artenay, about a mile distant from the farm. The only difficulty (at least in the eyes of the delighted girl) was, how to get her brother, unable to endure, without agony, the slightest jolt, over the roughly-paved village-street leading to the church; but so completely had her devoted conduct won on her fellow servants and their master, that the whole distance (a considerable one) was found by dawn, on the eventful day, so thickly covered with straw, as to obviate the slightest injury to the invalid. From nine in the morning, the church path was lined with inhabitants of the village thronging to sympathise with the happy girl, who, though declining to yield to any one the honour of drawing her brother—a task which she accomplished with a skill and gentleness none other could have shown—was yet astonished and bewildered by the admiring looks and congratulations pressed on her by her kind-hearted neighbours.

The part, however, of the whole scene which went straight to her heart, and touched it most deeply, was the distinction publicly conferred on her by the worthy curé himself, who, pointing her out to his parishioners as a pattern of Christian charity and sisterly affection, and bestowing on the interesting pair his warmest benediction, said to her in a voice of paternal kindness, "Take courage, my daughter, God approves of and protects you."

What a solace lay in these blessed words for all the sister's days and nights of toil and anxiety, responded as they were by the tearful glance of the brother, for whom she had done and suffered so much; and by his fervent prayers, that she might be rewarded by Him who had put it in her heart so to befriend him! One result only she felt could fulfil such a petition, and something whispered to her it would not be denied. But spring had passed away without any marked amendment in the patient's condition. May had come and well-nigh gone, and with it the hope that fine weather might do something for the invalid; and, resigned at length to his fate, the young paralytic bade adieu for life to all idea of regaining the use of his limbs.

One evening when, as usual, his indefatigable sister had drawn him to the scene of rural festivity, beneath the old elms at the entrance of the village, he was accosted by an old soldier, lately come on a visit to a relation in the place, who, after closely questioning Maurice regarding his infirmity, gave him in return the important information, that, in consequence of a splinter from a shell at the battle of Eylau, he had himself been two years entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, and subject to spasms in the head, which had nearly bereft him of reason. Of the various remedies prescribed, none, he added, had the slightest success, till sea-bathing, persevered in for a whole summer—plunging in head foremost, and allowing the natural *douche* afforded by the successive waves to play freely, as long as strength permitted, on the affected part—had at length effected a cure. "I was carried to the sea-side in a half-dying state," said the old corporal, "in a litter lent me by my colonel. At the end of a fortnight, strength and appetite began to return, and with them my spirits and hopes of a complete recovery, which took place in the course of three months after. At first I could only walk on two crutches, then I threw one away, and on the 3d of September (a day I shall never forget), I walked, without so much as a stick, a good half mile from the town, to visit a couple of old friends. Back I came, still on foot, to finish my course of the baths; and within three weeks after, I was on the top of a coach for my own country, as hale and hearty as you see me before you at this moment."

* The facts of our story are to be found in Bouilly's *Contes Populaires*.

"And where, on earth, are these precious baths to be had?" asked the cripple with eager interest.

"At a place called Boulogne, on the British channel, some two hundred and fifty miles from hence."

"Two hundred and fifty miles! If I must go so far to be cured, I am pretty sure of remaining ill to my dying day."

"Try and get conveyed there, my good fellow," said the kindly veteran, "and I'll be answerable for your entire recovery."

"What! to get back my poor legs and return to my trade, and be able to gain my own bread, and help my sister! No, no!—such happiness is not for me!" exclaimed the desponding lad.

"And why not? If I was radically cured at fifty, why should you, at five-and-twenty, give way to despair?"

"But you don't consider the impossibility of my going in any sort of carriage—even the smoothest voiture—when I faint dead away, or go into fits, at the slightest jolt. No, no!—it is the will of God that I should remain a cripple to my life's end, and I only pray he may be pleased to shorten it for my own sake and that of others."

During this conversation Genevieve was an attentive listener; and had the speakers been less engrossed, they must have read on her countenance the lines of deep determination. She took aside the old soldier, to obtain from him the minutest particulars about the wonder-working baths, their proper season, and precise distance, and the easiest and least expensive route by which they might be reached; and no sooner was her plan matured, than she hastened to put it in execution.

On the 3d of June, the birth-day of the twins, they had, from childhood, never missed making together a pious pilgrimage to a little chapel dedicated to St Genevieve, a league from where they lived, on the road to Tours; which, lined on each side with trees, resembled at this early summer season the shady alleys of a park. It required all the poor girl's persuasions to induce, overnight, her brother to fulfil their never-before omitted vow. The idea of allowing her to drag him three long miles in sultry weather, was one which he could not for long be brought to entertain; but the mingled voice of piety and sisterly affection at length prevailed, and the sight of the paraphernalia destined to mitigate the fatigues of a far longer pilgrimage, tended to reconcile Maurice to the brief one which he had alone in contemplation.

It was not without such precautions as her simple wisdom could suggest, that the most rational of heroines embarked on the wildest of expeditions. A well-stuffed leathern strap, from the village saddler, was provided, to obviate the effects of continued friction on the but half-injured frame of so novel a draught animal. A change of light easy shoes replaced the clumsy *sabots* of the country—a gleaner's ample straw hat served to ward off the scorching rays of the sun—and furnished with these, the pious pilgrim, at the first peep of dawn, awoke her still sleeping brother, who, on observing that, though attired in his own Sunday suit, his sister was still in her ordinary apparel, was assured that a bundle, the appearance of which might have otherwise told tales, contained her holiday attire, to be assumed on arriving at their destination. The excited feelings with which, after bending the knee in fervent prayers to heaven, Genevieve harnessed herself on the present occasion, found vent in the speed with which she crossed the fields leading to the public road; and when Maurice exclaimed, "Not so fast! not so fast! you'll be out of breath ere our journey is half over!" there was more than met the ear in the light-hearted answer: "True, brother dear! I was forgetting that we have some way to go."

Suiting her pace to the words, and looking ever round, to inquire if her brother felt the least inconvenience, the twins arrived about seven o'clock at the chapel, Maurice nowise fatigued, and Genevieve, heated and tired as she was, but too happy to find herself thus far on her road. Having drawn her brother's vehicle under the porch of the little rustic shrine, and listened devoutly to the matin service performed by a grey-headed chaplain, Maurice observed his sister to remain prostrate, engaged in praying with extraordinary fervour, while big tears coursed each other down her cheeks.

"How strangely moved you are, sister," said he anxiously; "surely you have something more than usual on your mind?" "Why should I conceal it longer from you, brother?" was the answer. "I have, I think, discovered the means for your cure." "And how do you intend to effect this desirable object?" "By sea-bathing; and I shall draw you myself to the sea-baths, two hundred and fifty miles off!" "You never can have strength to do it." "And why not? what is there one cannot do for one's own twin brother?" "But where is the money to come from for such a journey?" "Oh, I've got in an old glove round my neck five gold pieces saved out of my wages, more than enough to carry us to our journey's end."

"Ay, but then the getting back again?" "By that time, please God, you'll be walking by my side, and that will shorten the way, and He will provide for us. Don't you remember the words He put into the good cure's mouth, 'Be of good cheer, God approves and protects you?'" "Well, sister, I commit myself to his hands and yours. Fulfil his commission, for such it surely is, since you are not daunted by the length of

the way?" "Not in the least." "Or the numberless difficulties you must meet with." "We'll get over them." "Or the dreadful fatigue, perhaps beyond your strength." "Have I not done a league in less than two hours, and am quite fresh to begin again?" "Ah! but when you come to have to climb hills!" "Well, 'tis only taking longer time." "They will keep us back so; perhaps a whole month on the road." "Yes, at the very least; so 'tis time we were off." "And you really wish it?" "Do I not?" Both hearts were full, and a long embrace gave vent to feelings unutterable in words.

Fain would we follow in all its interesting details the itinerary (unexemplified perhaps in the world's history) of the twin travellers, from the very centre of France to one of its farthest extremities; but a few only of its leading incidents must suffice to give an idea of the whole.

Along the planted sides of the great high roads and the level plains, their progress, though slow, was steady; halting for the heat of the day under the trees at the entrance of some hamlet, which afforded the needful supplies; while at nightfall, the humblest decent shelter their slender means could command, was sought and generally obtained. To avoid large paved villages, and yet more formidable populous towns, was often a tax on the maiden's ingenuity; yet never, save once (at Etampes), was she compelled—by the impossibility of elsewhere crossing two intersecting streams—to consign to strangers' hands her precious charge, and have her brother carried on a hand-barrow from one end to the other of the town.

From hence her forward path was beset with new and unforeseen obstacles. The whole route to Paris abounds in steep hills, up which the strongest horses find difficulty in dragging their customary loads. No wonder, then, if Genevieve well nigh sunk under hers. Her feet had become so blistered, that she was forced to leave off shoes; and being constantly obliged to stop and take breath, she made but little way; yet, after every such halt, the agony of her brother in witnessing her distress, would make her resume her task with a cheerful smile.

It was not till after twelve days' weary march, during which she had to climb the hills of Arpajou, Long Jumeau, and Bourg la Reine, that they arrived at the village of petit Mont Rouge, near Paris, where they found in the hostess, the widow of an artillery officer killed at Waterloo, an almost maternal friend. The good woman burst into tears on witnessing one of her own sex so dutifully, yet painfully employed—lavished on both travellers the kindest attentions—procured for poor Genevieve (whose chest the strap had begun cruelly to lacerate) a new and more comfortable one—and insisted on her taking a few days' rest; while the misgivings of her brother regarding a delay (the cause of which was carefully concealed from him) were obviated by the kind landlady's positive refusal to make the slightest inroad on their slender stock of coin. On parting, she embraced, with mingled admiration and regard, the recruited wayfarer, and assured her of the ultimate success of her enterprise, which could only, she said, have been dictated by express suggestion from on high.

Cheered by this friendly farewell, Genevieve once more donned her harness—avoided, as directed, the city of Paris, by keeping the line of the new boulevard and Champ de Mars—crossed the Seine in a boat, and, late at night, arrived at St Denis, where a less hospitable reception, alas! awaited the poor travellers. A party of gay young sporting men from town, dining in the hotel, chose to consider Genevieve as an adventuress, and her brother as an impostor, and to insult them accordingly; and while the innocent girl, choking with indignant surprise, was equally unwilling and unable to reply, Maurice, writhing on his seat from inability to chastise such insolence, exclaimed, "Miserables that you are! the best proof that I am a cripple is my not having the power to punish you as you deserve."

This burst of honest feeling only provoked fresh insults from the giddy crew, to escape from whom Genevieve, in spite of her fatigue, insisted on removing her dear invalid from the inhospitable shelter of the inn to one beneath the canopy of heaven, where the tired girl laid herself down at her brother's feet, her head resting on his knees, and their hands twined together like the branches of the old plane tree above them; and the fine serene midsummer night was passed by both in peace and safety.

The only other untoward incident which marked the remaining journey, was a thunder-storm in the forest of L'isle Adam, which brought back on the poor sufferer from a similar visitation a return of his frightful convulsion-fits. During its continuance, the poor girl—holding her brother's head on her bosom, her hand fast held over his eyes to shield them from the lightning, sheltering him from the rain, as best she might, with her own body—put up the most piteous prayers to heaven that she might not thus far have led him only to fall a victim to a second catastrophe—adding the natural, and, in her case, almost pardonable wish, that if the blow were again to fall, it might in death unite them!

Her fears were not happily realised; the storm passed off, leaving the wayfarers unscathed. A three days' fever, however, occasioned by alarm, and neglect of her own soaked garments, detained them at their evening's quarters; and Beauvais, the half-way house of their arduous journey, lay yet a good way beyond.

It was reached at last after twenty-two days' march, during which three of the five gold pieces so carefully husbanded had melted away. Fresh courage and economy then became necessary, to save the high-minded twins from the humiliation of asking alms; and volumes might be written on the hardships, and difficulties, and privations, of the remaining half of the pilgrimage, till, weary, way-worn, yet never for a moment relinquishing her high vocation, Genevieve caught sight, on the morning of the forty-second day, of the goal of her long-cherished hopes—the steeple of Boulogne. Her sensations on beholding it mock description. Maurice, though little less delighted at an event which seemed to him scarce short of miracle, would have urged on his sister a halt; but, then, to pause within reach of her object was impossible, and with quickened step she gained the gates of the town. Her first inquiry was how to reach the baths, and the way by which she was directed to them lay along the shore; when the grand and novel spectacle of the gently undulating ocean recalled to the twins the wide-waving corn-fields of their native country.

Beneath the shade of an overhanging rock they encountered a group of elegant ladies of different nations, awaiting the proper time of tide for repairing to the baths. All gazed with interest on the cripple and his conductress; and when, in answer to their inquiries from what village in the neighbourhood the kind girl was bringing him, he took her by the hand, and, with the eloquence of gratitude, told whence they came, and what she had done for him, the farm-girl of Ardenay appeared in their eyes as an angel come down from heaven, whom they felt half tempted to worship, and whom they carried in triumph, sounding her praises to all they met, to the bathing establishment.

Its worthy proprietor received the orphans with all his native goodness of heart, thanked heaven that they were thrown upon his benevolence, and immediately entered on its active exercise, by consigning Maurice, with as many recommendations as if he had been a sovereign prince, to the skill and attention of two of his most experienced bathing-men.

The twins were established in commodious lodgings, and loaded by the awakened interest of the bathers with everything necessary for their comfort. After ten or twelve dips, a degree of irritability began to be felt in the feet of the patient, which quickly ascending to the knees, called forth the doctor's most favourable prognostics. And how did the heart of Genevieve leap responsive to the happy omen! how thankful did she feel for her own courage and perseverance! And how did her fond brother pour out to her his mingled joy and gratitude, when, by degrees, he could move this or that portion of his crippled limbs, and at length—happy day for both!—was able to mount, like his friend the old soldier, a couple of crutches. His first use of them, it may be believed, was towards his sister; and never did mother more fondly hail the tottering efforts of her first-born, than Genevieve, receding playfully to lure him on, and crying, "Courage, brother! a few steps more!" received him at length in her outstretched arms, mingling tears and caresses with fresh thanksgivings for so blissful a consummation.

We must hasten to the conclusion of a tale, the winding up of which was alike honourable to all concerned. The patient soon became able, at first with a crutch, and then with the sister's arm (which she was not sorry to think could not quite be dispensed with), to extend his walks through the streets of Boulogne. The pair found themselves the objects of respectful interest to the whole town. The little children would point and whisper, "There go the twins of Beauce!" and for the little purchases they would have made with a trifle borrowed for their immediate wants at the baths, not a shopkeeper in the place would receive a farthing.

But when, September being past, and the season for sea-bathing over, and the cure of Maurice so wonderfully completed that he talked of taking the journey on foot, the orphans began to think of returning homeward, and for that purpose modestly requested the worthy bath-keeper to advance them a small sum, to be faithfully repaid out of their very first earnings, they were little aware of the surprise prepared for them by those whose interest they had so justly awakened.

The day before that fixed on for their departure, a deputation from the youth of every rank in Boulogne waited on Genevieve Aselin, inviting her to receive on the morrow, at a civic feast, the tribute so richly earned by her sisterly devotion. The poor girl thought it a dream when thus summoned to enjoy honours reserved in her simple ideas for persons of rank alone; and could scarce comprehend, when assured that it was the very obscurity of her station which enhanced her merit, and made her worthy of being thus honoured.

Next day six young ladies came in two carriages to conduct the twins to the spot called Tivoli, in the upper town, where preparations had been made for a fête in commemoration of the purest and most persevering virtue. There the simple, timid girl of Beauce, in the garb she had brought from her native village, was crowned with white roses, and at the end of the banquet presented by the spokeswoman of the young women of Boulogne with a purse containing fifty gold pieces, as a willing contribution from sisters of her own sex, justly proud of one who had reflected upon it such unfading lustre.

How the unconscious heroine blushed and resisted; how the sun—one she had never so much as dreamed of possessing—was forced upon her; how she honourably flew to discharge with it her debt at the baths, but, thanks to their owner's liberality, brought it undiminished away, may be left to the reader's fancy. He may be pleased, however, to learn that, by the physician's advice, Maurice exchanged his intended walk home for an inside seat beside his sister in the diligence, on the top of which he insisted on fastening his beloved wagon; that a few days were spent in seeing the lions of Paris, which they had once so painfully circumnavigated, and in visiting the kind hostess of Mont Rouge, who had acted towards them the Samaritan's part; and that, availing themselves of a return vehicle for Orleans, they reached it late on a Saturday night.

About the hour of ten next morning (after a passing visit to the shrine of the patron saint of Paris and of the humble maid of Ardenay), just as its inhabitants were pouring to the house of prayer, Maurice appeared, now drawing, in his turn, up the street leading to the church, his blushing sister, half smothered with the flowers showered upon her by the whole closely-following population of her native village.

The good priest, apprised of their happy return, caused the brother to lead his sister to the foot of the altar, and founding on this living text a most affecting exhortation to Christian charity and fraternal love, and again blessing the maid he held out as a pattern to all around, alluded, in a voice faltering with emotion, to his former words of encouragement, asking, "Said I not truly, daughter, that the God who approved would protect you?"

YOUNG'S RESIDENCE ON THE MOSQUITO SHORE.*

SOME four or five years ago, a society under the name of the "British Central American Land Company," was formed for the purpose of carrying out a system of emigration to the Mosquito Shore—a tract of land south of the Gulf of Mexico, and nearly at the spot on which the unhappy settlement of Poyais was attempted to be made four-and-twenty years since. By the originators of this new scheme, the author of the narrative before us was appointed deputy-superintendent, and his duty, as he tells us, was "to proceed with a few others to the Mosquito Shore, to form a settlement at Black River, about eighty miles from the central American port of Truxillo, in the state of Honduras, there to establish friendly relations with the people around, so that in time trade might be opened with the Spaniards in the interior, for the introduction and disposal of such British goods as they might be willing to take in exchange."

With this sufficiently comprehensive commission, the deputy-superintendent sailed from Gravesend in July 1839, in the brig *Rose*, and after a stormy and far from agreeable passage across the Atlantic, came in sight of that great South American headland, Cape Gracias a Dios, near which the settlement was to be formed. As the vessel approached the place of its destination, the weather, as a matter of course, became unpleasantly hot, and the land as it came into sight was so low, and so covered with dark-green vegetation, as to appear a very fit habitation for the insect whose name it appropriately bears. Landed in a boat from the brig, and surrounded by a parcel of natives half clothed, and speaking a jargon of broken English, picked up by their connexion with Balise, the deputy-superintendent found things in a rude and unsatisfactory state, but much pleasure was manifested by the assembled Indians; and an Englishman, previously located near the spot, gave the party a hearty welcome. Having tracked his way through the thick brushwood, adorned with rich odorous plants, to a wigwam prepared for his reception, the deputy-superintendent attempts to give us some description of the country and its inhabitants. His story is terribly confused, but we shall try to make something of it.

The Mosquito Shore is that part of the coast of America lying within the 10th and 15th degree of north latitude, immediately south of the peninsula of Yucatan, and with a frontage to the Caribbean sea. Whether it is pretendedly included in any of the new Spanish-American republics, we are unable to say; practically, it is an independent state under the rule of a native king, half barbarian, half Anglo-creole, named Robert Charles Frederic, a gentleman who, we are informed, received his education in Jamaica, wears a naval officer's uniform, and is friendly to the English. It is stated that he owns allegiance to the British government, but this is not clearly made out; and it only appears that his majesty considers himself in some way under British protection, the fear of his country falling into the hands of the neighbouring Spaniards most likely leading him to make this concession of supreme authority to a friendly power. The English settlements at Balise, and one or two other parts of the coast of Honduras, a short way to the north, formed and supported to aid the shippers of mahogany, further lead to this good-will and submission of the chief of the Mosquitos. A few days after their arrival, the deputy-superintendent and his companions were visited by the king, accompanied by

a number of soldiers and quarter-masters. "On being presented, and delivering our credentials and gifts, he appeared highly delighted, and taking each of us by the hand in turn, said slowly and distinctly, 'You are my very good friend'; altogether, he made a most favourable impression." A day or two afterwards, a native, named Deverin, who had been guilty of killing Lyndia, an aunt of the king, was seized and brought to justice.

The next morning the trial commenced before three magistrates and the king; all the white people at the Cape, and several natives, attended. The king was dressed in his plain clothes, but had his naval sword and hat with him. He listened attentively, and repeatedly testified his pleasure at having the prisoner tried in the English fashion. A jury having been formed, and a person well acquainted with the language appointed as interpreter, several witnesses fully proved that the prisoner had maliciously shot Lyndia, the king's aunt. He said nothing in his defence. He was, therefore, after a patient investigation in the open air, under some cocoa-nut trees, unanimously found guilty by the jury, and sentenced to be hanged. To this sentence the natives around showed no symptom of dissent or dissatisfaction. The prisoner betrayed no emotion, but simply requested that the soothsayer woman (native doctor), who advised him to the deed, might be sent for. Messengers were immediately despatched, who soon returned bringing the wretched woman who had by her advice brought the prisoner to an untimely end. After a long conversation, the king started up, saying angrily, 'Let the woman go!—take the man away—tomorrow he dies.' Next day, accordingly, the execution took place; the king at the same time causing it to be proclaimed, that any of his people who did wrong, should be hung, and warning them to beware of putting faith in, or following the bad advice of, the soothsayers. This circumstance gives a favourable idea of the king's sense of justice, and wish for the civilisation of his people.

The Mosquitos are described as a courageous tribe of Indians, susceptible of cultivation, and desirous of carrying on an intercourse with British traders; but at present degenerating, from the great increase of drunkenness and the want of good example; "and such is their degraded condition, that, in a few generations, there will be but few left." The Mosquitos are, also, gradually disappearing before the Caribs, an exotic race, who have obtained settlements in the country, and are peaceful, ingenious, and industrious; many carrying on considerable plantations of the sugar-cane and tobacco, and others engaging in useful handicrafts. "The men can hew and plant, hunt and fish, erect a comfortable house, build a good boat, make the sails, &c.; some are capital tailors, and others good carpenters; altogether, there cannot be a more useful body of men. They often go to the various mahogany works about Roman River, Lymas River, Truxillo or Balise, and hire themselves as mahogany cutters, for which, by their strength and activity, they are well fitted; they hire for five or six months, sometimes longer, for eight to twelve dollars per month, and rations. I have known some Caribs of superior manual power, and who understood the whole routine of mahogany-cutting, obtain as much as fifteen and sixteen dollars per month. On the expiration of their engagement, they return to their homes, laden with useful articles, and invariably well dressed. I saw a Carib, belonging to Cape Town, that had just returned from Balise, who sported a pair of cloth boots, a white hat, black coat, white trousers, a fancy-coloured shirt, a pair of splendid braces, and an umbrella."

In exchange for their labour, sarsaparilla, and provision stuffs, the Mosquitos, Caribs, and another peculiar race called the Sambor, would gladly take strong linens, called onaburga, printed calicoes, and handkerchiefs, ribbons, thread, needles, tapes, hooks, looking-glasses, beads, combs, clasp-knives, gunpowder, pipes, and a variety of other articles.

Our author proceeds northward to Black River, along the coast, here dotted with small islands or keys, some of which are inhabited, and very fertile. In his voyage he passes Poyais, a tract of land now termed the province of Victoria, part of which has been purchased and granted by Robert Charles Frederic to the British Central American Land Company. Fort Wellington, the company's settlement at Black River, is backed by impenetrable thickets, and much swampy land; with rivers full of alligators, the woods plentifully supplied with venomous reptiles, sand-flies, and mosquitos. Hence, the country in this quarter is somewhat uncomfortable to European constitutions: intermittent fevers are troublesome, but, unless with "free livers," they seldom terminate fatally. The trees in the country are magnificent, and would afford any quantity of the finest mahogany.

The deputy-superintendent next visits Roatan or Rattan, an island of about forty miles in length, lying off the coast; the land is good, and the vegetation luxuriant. Here the author falls in with what is pretty common in all parts of the earth—a Scotsman, who, like a second Robinson Crusoe, has squatted in the island, and formed a very agreeable clearing, plantain walks, and provision grounds. "Having a large family, he finds them of the greatest service; his two eldest sons, young men, hunt, fish, and attend to the plantations, while other boys and girls are fast growing up to render him essential aid; he himself being

occupied in building a small schooner for sailing to and from Balise. I was much pleased with this family, so firmly knit and bound together, and apparently so contented. He invited me to breakfast, his sons having just brought in a fine wild hog, part of which was soon cooked, and ready for us. We sat down to a bountiful repast—wild hog meat, peas, plantains, and coffee sweetened with boiled sugar-cane juice." There are altogether about 200 inhabitants on the island, which is more salubrious than the mainland, and has many fine harbours.

Soon after his arrival at Black River, it was determined to ascend that and the Poyas River to visit the Poyas Indians in the upper country. The voyage led to a knowledge of various fertile and beautiful tracts of land, here and there covered with many fine trees, useful for building purposes. "On arriving at the Embarradero, we met with new scenery; high rocks on the banks, on which grew mahogany and other trees of a large size, while the bed of the stream was studded with rocks just under water, so that caution was required to prevent our frail pitmans from striking against them, as we poled or paddled along. Proceeding some distance, we came to a small creek leading to the pass over the mountains to the Indian town; the water being very shallow, our pitmans (or rude boats) were hauled up the meandering stream, till we came to a high stony bank, where we encamped for the night, perfectly free from annoying insects of every kind, all that appeared of the insect tribe being small ants, and the indefatigable little stingless bee. Our situation was replete with interest, encamped as we were on a high rock, with the gushing stream leaping under us, and the broad face of the moon shining upon us. We sat up late that evening; started for the Indian town at daylight, and after three hours hard travelling through a narrow pass, over high hills, crossing brooks up to our loins, we arrived there. The Indian town, to my astonishment, was comprised in one large house of an oval form, about eighty-five feet in length, and thirty-five feet in breadth, in which all the natives resided truly in the patriarchal style. Crickeries were erected all around close to each other, separated by two or three cabbage boards, each family having one of these compartments. At one side of the house a place was divided off, about sixteen feet by ten feet, and hidden from view by green leaves, which were replenished as fast as they faded.

On our entrance, the women were busily occupied, some pounding cassava and Indian corn together, boiling it, and making it into a beverage called *oulung*; some preparing cassava for bread in the morning, others rubbing cacao and squeezing sugar-cane; the whole under the management of the chief's wife; the chief, who is called by the English name of officer, being absent. Having partaken of a couple of fowls, some cassava and plantains, cacao, and boiled cane-juice, prepared for us by these kind people, we betook ourselves to repose. Early in the morning, whilst in my hammock, an Indian woman timidly touched me, saying, 'Englis,' at the same time presenting me with a hot roll of bread, nicely done up in fresh leaves; another soon came to me with a bundle of *oulung*; and so it continued until I had three or four bundles of *oulung*, and nine large rolls of bread. In return, I presented them with a little tobacco, some needles, and salt, and gave a clasp-knife to the officer's wife. Soon after, I was agreeably surprised by several of the men arriving from the plantations loaded with sugar-cane, plantains, cacao, &c., which we very willingly received in exchange for a few hooks, needles, &c.

After staying a short time with the Indians, the party returned down the river to Fort Wellington, much entertained with watching the great flights of green and yellow-tailed parrots, the numbers of which are incredible. Other two species of birds were observed with much interest; of these birds, called the *crium* and *sumpeke*, the following remarkable manoeuvres were noticed:—"In walking by the side of a lagoon, a small white bird, the *crium*, is seen skimming along the surface of the water, now ascending, and anon darting downwards with its body half under water, for its fishy prey; at length its unwearied efforts are successful, and it flies rapidly away with some struggling fish in its mouth. In a short time a speck appears in the clear blue sky, nearer and nearer it approaches, till the *crium*'s mortal enemy, the *sumpeke*, appears plainly in view in chase. At this period, the scene becomes highly interesting; the *crium* using all its art to escape, sometimes ascending higher and higher, at other times darting to and fro with great velocity, then flying in rapid circles, but all in vain; the *sumpeke* gains the ascendancy, poises itself for a moment, and 'with one fell swoop,' seizes the screaming *crium*, which in its terror drops the fish; downward darts the *sumpeke*, and before the fish regains its native element, it is caught and speedily devoured; thus the plunderer is plundered. A way flies the poor *crium*, glad to escape from its tormentor; again it skims the surface of the water; again it seizes its fishy prey, and is again compelled to give it up to superior strength and power. The *sumpeke* is called by us the man-of-war bird; I know not the English name of the other."

We need not follow the writer of the narrative further, but come at once to the winding-up of the expedition in which he was concerned. By a concurrence of bad management, and unforeseen misfortunes, the initiatory colony fell into disorder; and when, in 1841, the brig *Rose* arrived with a cargo of emigrants,

* Narrative of a Residence on the Mosquito Shore, during the years 1839, 1840, and 1841, by Thomas Young. London: Smith and Elder. 1842.

"instead of Fort Wellington being a settlement and a hostelry of new comers, it was completely disorganised, and with barely the necessities of life." The long-expected vessel was filled with provisions, goods, sheep, hogs, goats, dogs, turkeys, ducks, fowls, &c.; it had also thirty-seven English and Spanish passengers; but disease and death had fastened on the unfortunate brig, and the very elements joined in the work of destruction. When approaching the land, a storm rose and dashed the vessel on the beach, a mass of useless lumber. Goods and stores were saved, while those passengers who escaped became the prey of typhus and other disorders. Mr Houghton, the new superintendent, "a fine young man, died within five weeks, his death being occasioned by over-anxiety, exertion, and exposure to the sun; with deep anguish did we witness his premature end, and read the beautiful funeral service over this promising young gentleman. Another followed—another—and another, until eight had gone to their final rest. The others fled, panic stricken, some *à la Truxillo* to England, some to Roatan," &c. So ended this scheme of settlement on the Mosquito Shore, which we trust no company of speculators will again attempt to colonise; and the result may well serve to show how useless it is for persons without discrimination, judgment, perseverance, and sufficient means, to leave their homes for this ill-fated country.

THE SANATORIUM.

OUT of the vast population congregated in the British metropolis, there appears to be one description of persons who are, in case of illness, unprovided with adequate medical assistance; namely, the poor gentleman. The humbler orders are, in sickness, amply cared for. The hospital charities of London—indeed, of all England—are quite adequate to the sanitary casualties of the indigent population; a fact which reflects more real glory and honour upon the country than her most brilliant political achievements.

But, till the establishment of the Sanatorium, no such advantage was furnished to those whose station in life places them above the reach of charity, but not out of the pale of suffering; whose inadequate means denies them a proper degree of advice and assistance in sickness, but whose proper feelings of independence forbid them the humiliation of accepting assistance, directly or indirectly, from others. The Sanatorium is therefore made to partake of the nature of a club. It is an establishment for the reception of respectable persons in ill-health, who, by the payment of ten guineas, become members of the institution for life, a guinea a year constituting an annual member. Each member, or his nominee, has a right to the privileges and advantages of the institution when sick, on paying two guineas weekly during residence in the house. For this, every want an invalid can require is provided, and administered under the superintendence of a medical man, in constant attendance,—an advantage not to be overlooked in diseases which require continual watching. The government of the institution is conducted by a committee chosen out of the members.

The house is situated near the Regent's Park, in the northern environs of London. It is a large-sized house, containing, on the ground-floor, dining and drawing-rooms of proper dimensions, a surgery, and the apartments of the resident medical officer, all furnished in a style of neatness and comfort suited to the habits of individuals in the middle ranks of life. On the first floor there are seven bed-rooms, so arranged as to combine the comforts of sitting with those of sleeping chambers. This floor is occupied solely by males. The second storey, containing six chambers, is appropriated to the female inmates. Each room is fitted up in the same style of neatness and comfort as the floor below. Indeed, the furniture throughout the bed-rooms is of the same pattern, and in every respect alike. Each individual has a separate chamber. The institution is therefore capable of containing thirteen inmates, though, by a little re-arrangement, eighteen might be accommodated. This, however, limits the usefulness of the institution within far narrower bounds than its promoters design it shall, if possible, progress to. The whole scheme is as yet but an experiment, and even, as such, in its infancy. The domestic department is under the management of a matron, and consists of a requisite number of nurses, besides household servants. Physicians and surgeons, in the pay of the institution, make daily visits to it, and an experienced practitioner resides on the spot. Should, however, any patient desire a particular medical man, he is allowed to attend; and if there be any spare accommodation, the near relative or friend of an inmate is permitted to accompany the invalid into the establishment. Every reasonable means is adopted for the literary and general recreation of the inmates.

Such is the Sanatorium as it at present exists. But the intentions of its founders, when fully carried out, will have a far wider scope. As soon as sufficient funds can be raised, separate buildings will be provided for the male and female patients. A third is also contemplated for persons afflicted with fevers and other contagious diseases, which at present preclude them from being received into the establishment. One of the contemplated arrangements we cannot help regarding as of paramount importance; and that is, suites of rooms adapted for persons predisposed to or

threatened with consumption. Modern science has rendered it possible to create and maintain an artificial climate nearly as well adapted for the lungs of consumptive patients as the natural climate of the most favoured parts of the globe, with the additional advantage of unchangeableness. The skilful regulation of what may be termed the food of the respiratory organs, is unquestionably the most effectual method of modifying the most insidious—perhaps, alas, least curable—of disorders. At present, there is no establishment in which the means necessary to so important an end can be carried out; and it is much to be wished that public support will soon enable the promoters of the Sanatorium to realise this part of their project. A fourth building will be devoted to persons afflicted with mental diseases.

In reviewing all the advantages offered by the Sanatorium, it may strike some of our readers, that invalids in circumstances to command two guineas per week could obtain all the comforts they require independent of such an establishment. But whoever imagines so, has never lived in London; alone, and in lodgings. There is no solitude so complete as that which exists in the great metropolis. Almost every person in it is so intensely occupied with his own affairs, that without, perhaps, any deficiency of natural benevolence, he has not time to care about his neighbours. For this reason, the situation of the stranger invalid in London is most painful. There are many hundreds belonging to the middle classes of society—among the students and younger members of the different professions—among the daughters of reduced gentlemen, who, in the useful exercise of the lightest art or accomplishment acquired in happier days, pursue, while in health, their avocations cheerfully and successfully; but who, in sickness, pine in neglect, at a distance from their friends, in the cheerless gloom of a London lodging. In such a plight all the invalid can obtain or hope for is the grudging attention of a household menial, or, with their limited means, the expensive advice and still more expensive drugs of some very general practitioner. For such the Sanatorium is partly intended, and to them it will prove of the greatest service. To patients, also, who visit London from the provinces for change of air or superior medical advice, the establishment offers many advantages.

THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS WRITINGS.

THOMAS CARLYLE, a writer to whom public attention has been gradually attracted during the last ten years, and whose future destiny seems to point to a much higher rank in British literature than he holds at present, is, as we learn from a late number of the "Border Magazine," by birth a Scottish borderer, his native parish being Ecclefechan, in Annandale. His father, a yeoman in good circumstances, was a man of strong and original mind, and of very superior intelligence for his opportunities and station in society. By the villagers he seems to have been regarded as an oracle, and they still relate many instances of his strikingly original observations and sarcastic wit. Carlyle's mother, who is still alive, exercised a virtuous and Christian influence over his early training. Of the father's mind and the mother's influence, Thomas Carlyle's writings exhibit many evidences. The son having shown signs of superior abilities, was educated with a view of entering the church, and accordingly became a student at one of the Scotch universities. He soon distinguished himself. In mathematics, especially, he greatly excelled; and obtained the notice of Sir John Leslie, who, in his edition of "Euclid's Elements," makes mention of Carlyle as his "ingenious young friend." He afterwards entered the Divinity Hall; but, changing his views, commenced the study of law; and, lastly, employed himself as a teacher of mathematics. This kind of wavering seems to be characteristic of a class of persons possessing more than ordinary natural abilities. They will not settle themselves with heart and goodwill to any uncongenial pursuit; and it is not till the right track is found that the whole strength and vigour of such minds come into play. Thomas Carlyle's was a wide step; he strode from the exact sciences to plunge into the dreamy metaphysics of the Germans. Having made himself complete master of the German language, he found congenial employment for his peculiar temperament of mind. In "Sartor Resartus"—a sort of biography of thought, he afterwards published, in "Fraser's Magazine," under the assumed name of Herr Teufelsdröckh—Mr Carlyle thus describes that wavering and unsettled feeling, which may be fairly presumed to have been something akin to his own in the commencement of his career.

"But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, the next result of my workings amounted as yet simply to nothing. How, then, could I believe in my strength, when there was as yet no mirror to see it in! Ever did this agitating, yet, as I now perceive,

quite frivolous question, remain to me insoluble. Hast thou a certain faculty, a certain worth, such even as the most have not? or art thou the completest dolt of these modern times! Alas, the fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself! and how could I believe! Had not my first, last faith in myself, when even to me the heavens seemed laid open, and I dared to love, been all too cruelly belied! The speculative mystery of life grew over more mysterious to me: neither in the practical mystery had I made the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes, whereby to discern my own wretchedness. Invisible, yet impenetrable walls, as of enchantment, divided me from all living. Was there in the wide world any true bosom I could press trustfully to mine! Oh heaven! no, there was none. I kept a lock upon my lips: why should I speak much with that shifting variety of so-called friends, in whose withered, vain, and too hungry souls, friendship was but an incredible tradition! In such cases your resource is to talk little, and that little mostly from the newspapers. Now, when I look back, it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women round me, even speaking to me, were but figures. I had practically forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In midst of their crowded streets and assemblages I walked, solitary, and (except as it was my own heart, not another's that I kept devouring) savage also, as the tiger in his jungle."

The peculiar Anglo-Germanic style of the above passage, and of Mr Carlyle's whole works, sufficiently attests his total immersion into German literature.

Mr Carlyle's earliest literary efforts were translations from his favourite language and favourite authors. Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" appeared in 1824, and was followed by a series of German tales and romances, in four volumes. Mr Carlyle then became a constant contributor to "Fraser's Magazine," and his articles slowly spread his fame in the way that real merit becomes gradually distinguished. Some of his papers were collected and published separately. The "Sartor Resartus" obtained great popularity in America, where it met with the honour, so frequently paid to English books, of being reprinted. His other writings were published in rapid succession. The "French Revolution, a History," in 1837; "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," and "Chartism," in 1839; "Lectures on Heroes and Hero Worship," in 1841.

It cannot be doubted that the main element of Mr Carlyle's literary success, is his style. This is perfectly new, and would be original, were it not derived from German models. But the smaller section of readers who think deeply and analytically, are amply rewarded for penetrating the mist with which his thoughts are clothed, by the profundity of the truths he propounds; for it is a haze which, like the mirage, magnifies rather than obscures his ideas. The larger class of superficial readers, again, are struck with the antithetical force and startling brilliancy of the sentences, seeing in them so many novel, and sometimes beautiful combinations of mere words. As this is Mr Carlyle's leading peculiarity, it demands some attention. It is singular, that in describing the styles of two of the least similar writers that could be named, Mr Carlyle has faithfully characterised his own modes of expression. Of Mirabeau the French writer and statesman, he says—"In very truth, it is the strangest of styles, though one of the richest; a style full of originality, picturesque, sunny vigour; but all cased and slated over threefold, in metaphor and trope; distracted into tortuosities, dislocations; starting out into crotchets, cramp-turns, quaintnesses, and hidden satire, which the French herd had no ear for. Strong meat too tough for babes."

All the excellences and faults here enumerated belong to Mr Carlyle himself. In estimating the style of Dr Johnson, he also portrays his own. He designates it "a wondrous buckram style," having "sometimes a tumid size of phraseology, not in proportion to the contents of it. All this you will put up with, for the phraseology, tumid or not, has always something within it." Such is exactly the case with Mr Carlyle's compositions; but it is time we give examples of them. He thus, in his own peculiar manner, treats of strikes, trades'-unions, and gin:—

"Another thing, likewise ascertainable on this vast obscure matter [strikes], excites a superficial surprise, but only a superficial one.—That it is the best paid workmen who by strikes, trades'-unions, chartism, and the like, complain the most. No doubt of it! The best paid workmen are they alone that can so complain! How shall he, the hand-loom weaver, who in the day that is passing over him has to find food for the day, strike work! If he strike work, he starves within the week. He is past complaint! The fact itself, however, is one which, if we consider it, leads us into still deeper regions of the malady. Wages, it would appear, are no index of well-being to the working-man. Cotton-spinners, as we learn, are generally well-paid, while employed; and yet, also, there seems little question that comfort or reasonable well-being is as much a stranger in their households as in any. At the cold hearth of the ever-tolling, ever-hungry weaver, dwells at least some equability, fixation as if in perennial ice: hope never comes, but also irregular impatience is absent. Of outward things, these others have,

or might have, enough, but of all inward things there is the fatallest lack. Economy does not exist among them; their trade, now in plethoric prosperity, anon extenuated into inanition and 'short time,' is of the nature of gambling; they live by it like gamblers, now in luxurious superfluity, anon in starvation. Black mutinous discontent devours them; simply the miserablest feeling that can inhabit the heart of man. English commerce, with its immeasurable Proteus steam-demon, makes all paths uncertain for them, all life a bewilderment. Sobriety, steadiness, peaceable continence, the first blessings of man, are not theirs.

It is in Glasgow among that class of operatives that 'Number 60,' in his dark room, pays down the price of blood. Be it with reason or with unreason, too surely they do in verify find the times all out of joint; this world for them no home, but a dingy prison-house, of reckless unthrift, rebellion, rancour, indignation against themselves, and against all men. Is it a green flowery world, with azure everlasting sky stretched over it, the work and government of a God; or a murky-simmering Tophet of copperas-fumes, cotton-fuzz, gin-riot, wrath, and toil, created by a demon, governed by a demon! The sum of their wretchedness, merited and unmerited, weilers, huge, dark, and baleful, like a Dantesque hell, visible there in the statistics of gin—gin, justly named the most authentic incarnation of the infernal principle in our times, too indisputably an incarnation—gin, the black throat into which wretchedness of every sort, consummating itself by calling on delirium to help it, whirls down; abdication of the power to think or resolve, as too painful now, on the part of men whose lot, of all others, would require thought and resolution; liquid madness sold at tempestuous quarters, all the products of which are and must be, like its origin, mad, miserable, ruinous, and that only! If from this black, unluminous, unbedded Inferno, and prison-house of souls in pain, there do flash up from time to time some dismal, wide-spread glare of chartism, or the like, notable to all, claiming remedy from all, are we to regard it as more baleful than the quiet state, or rather as not so baleful! Ireland is in chronic atrophy these five centuries; the disease of nobler England, identified now with that of Ireland, becomes acute, has crises, and will be cured or kill.

What a phantasmagoria of imagery is here employed to propound the gravest truths! And it is here that exception might be taken to Mr Carlyle's mode of conveying his ideas. When a writer has great truths to reveal, or to set in a new light, it is evident that the plainer the language in which they are expressed, the more universally will they be understood. The inward and spiritual difficulties which surround the seeker after abstract truth, are sufficiently great in themselves, without being increased by the outward and visible encumbrances of abstruse language. All peculiarities of style, therefore, which distract attention from the subject-matter, cannot be advantageous to the reader, however much they may show forth the writer's affluence in ideas. There is no reason why the light of truth should be hidden under the bushel of grotesque imagery.

But this kind of composition is not always unsuitable. It gives to dramatic, descriptive, or poetic writing, the highest charm. It being one of the duties of the poet to attune his syllables in melodious concord, he may be excused for giving the reader some trouble to find out his meaning in consideration of his music. In description, therefore, where dramatic effects are necessary to place actions vividly before the mind; where tedious details of circumstances are to be avoided, by means of striking similes or bold expressions, Mr Carlyle's vigorous originality is best displayed. This is amply exemplified in his "French Revolution." For instance, here is his earnest, intense, and, withal, picturesque tableau of the revolt of the women for bread. It is graphic in the highest degree. It passes before the imagination like an acted drama:—

"A thought, or dim raw-material of a thought, was fermenting all night, universally in the female head, and might explode. In squalid garret, on Monday morning, Maternity awakes, to hear children weeping for bread. Maternity must forth to the streets, to the herb-markets and bakers'-queues; meets there with hunger-stricken Maternity, sympathetic, exasperative. O woe unhappy women! But, instead of bakers'-queues, why not to aristocrats' palaces, the root of the matter! *Allons! Let us assemble. To the Hôtel-de-Ville; to Versailles; to the Lanterne!*

In one of the guardhouses of the Quartier Saint-Eustache, 'a young woman' seizes a drum—for how shall National Guards give fire on women, on a young woman! The young woman seizes the drum, sets forth beating it, 'uttering cries relative to the dearth of grains.' Descend, O mothers; descend, ye Judiths, to food and revenge! All women gather and go; crowds storm all stairs, force out all women: the female insurrectionary force, according to Camille, resembles the English naval one; there is a universal 'penn of women.' Robust dames of the Halle, slim mantua-makers, assiduous, risen with the dawn; an-

cient virginity tripping to matins; the housemaid, with early broom; all must go. Rouse ye, O women; the laggard men will not act; they say, we ourselves may act!

And so, like snowbreak from the mountains, for every staircase is a melted brook, it storms; tumultuous, wild-shrilling, towards the Hôtel-de-Ville. Tumultuous; with or without drum-music; for the Faubourg Saint-Antoine also has tucked up its gown; and, with besom-staves, fire-irons, and even rusty pistols (void of ammunition), is flowing on. Sound of it flies, with a velocity of sound, to the utmost barriers. By seven o'clock, on this raw October morning, fifth of the month, the townhall will see wonders. Nay, as chance would have it, a male party are already there, clustering tumultuously round some national patrol, and a baker who has been seized with short weights. They are there, and have even lowered the rope of the Lanterne. So that the official persons have to smuggle forth the short-weighting baker by back doors, and even send 'to all the districts' for more force.

Grand it was, says Camille, to see so many Judiths, from eight to ten thousand of them in all, rushing out to search into the root of the matter! Not unfrightful it must have been; ludicrous-terrible, and most unmanageable. At such hour the overwatched three hundred are not yet stirring; none but some clerks, a company of National Guards, and M. de Gouvion, the major-general. Gouvion has fought in America for the cause of civil liberty; a man of no inconsiderable heart, but deficient in head. He is, for the moment, in his back apartment, assuaging Usher Maillard, the Bastille-sergeant, who has come, as too many do, with 'representations.' The assuagement is still incomplete when our Judiths arrive.

The National Guards form on the outer stairs, with levelled bayonets; the ten thousand Judiths press up, restless, with obstinations, with outspread hands, merely to speak to the mayor. The rear forces them; nay, from male hands in the rear, stones already fly: the National Guard must do one of two things—sweep the Place de Grève with cannon, or else open to right and left. They open; the living deluge rushes in. Through all rooms and cabinets, upwards to the top-most belfry; ravenous; seeking arms, seeking mayors, seeking justice; while, again, the better-dressed speak kindly to the clerks, point out the misery of these poor women, also their ailments, some even of an interesting sort.

Poor M. de Gouvion is shiftless in this extremity—a man shiftless, perturbed, who will one day commit suicide. How happy for him that Usher Maillard, the shifty, was there at the moment, though making representations! Fly back, thou shifty Maillard; seek the Bastille company; and, oh return fast with it; above all, with thy own shifty head! For, behold, the Judiths can find no mayor or municipal; scarcely, in the topmost belfry, can they find poor Abbé Lefevre, the powder-distributor. Him, for want of a better, they suspend there, in the pale morning light, over the top of all Paris, which swims in one's failing eyes—a horrible end! Nay, the rope broke, as French ropes often did, or else an Amazon cut it. Abbé Lefevre falls some twenty feet, rattling among the leads, and lives long years after, though always with 'a tremblement in the limbs.'

And now doors fly under hatchets; the Judiths have broken the armoury; have seized guns and cannons, three money-bags, paper heaps; torches flare; in few minutes, our brave Hôtel-de-Ville, which dates from the fourth Henry, will, with all that it holds, be in flames!

Indeed, in all kinds of description, Mr Carlyle is unequalled. He is a true literary dramatist; his words portray action. Again, in the nicer shades—in the branch of criticism which demands that the criticised author's attributes should be described, he is unapproachable. "Heroes and Hero Worship" abounds in illustrations of his powers in this respect. Of Shakespeare's propensity for the humorous, he thus writes:—"You would say, in no point does he exaggerate but only in laughter. Fiery oburgations, words that pierce and burn, are to be found in Shakespeare; yet he is always in measure here; never what Johnson would remark as a specially 'good hater.' But his laughter seems to pour from him in floods; he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the butt, tumbles and tosses him in all sorts of horse play; you would say, roars and laughs. And then, if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter. Not at mere weakness, at misery or poverty; never. No man who can laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things. It is some poor character only desiring to laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy; good laughter is not 'the crackling of thorns under the pot.' Even at stupidity and pretension this Shakespeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts, and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter; but we like the poor fellows only the better for our laughing; and hope that they will get on well there, and continue presidents of the city-watch. Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me."

In the work from which this passage is quoted, Mr Carlyle takes three distinct views of the Hero. He first treats of him as a deity, the Scandinavian god Odin being selected as an illustration of his theory. It is evident that there exists in all large communities a

propensity to exalt persons eminent for extraordinary qualities above their fellows, and to expend upon them a certain amount of adulation. In the rude states of society to so high a pitch is this reverence and adulation carried, that eminent individuals are, on their decease, exalted to the character of gods. Mr Carlyle's next view of the Hero is in the character of a prophet, and Mahomet is the exemplar. Our author's theory in this respect is far more fanciful than tenable. His logic is curious: because, he argues, Islamism has been "the life-guidance of one hundred and eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years;" therefore Mahomet was a true prophet! If, according to this theory, most votes are to carry the day, the Buddhist creed is the true one; for, in point of numbers, the largest proportion of human beings upon earth are followers of Budh. The third point of view from which Mr Carlyle estimates the Hero is as a poet, and the poet-heroes he chooses are Dante and Shakespeare.

Although Mr Carlyle first propounded his views of Hero Worship in a series of lectures, yet it is easy to discern from his studied (sometimes painfully studied) style of writing, that he is not well adapted for an orator. We once heard him deliver a few sentiments at a public meeting; but he spoke, and that was all. Though manifestly bursting with ideas, he could not give them vent. The words that came uppermost did not please him, and he waited for others. Although he did what the best orators have been defined to do—though "he thought upon his legs"—he did not think aloud, and the intervals between his silent thoughts and the expression of them, were too long and too frequent for the patience of a mixed auditory. Yet the few sentences he did utter were aphorisms full of wisdom.

"MR AND MRS HALL'S IRELAND."

THIS very beautiful work, to which we have repeatedly drawn the attention of our readers, is now, we perceive, brought to a close, by the publication of the twenty-seventh part; the same interest which has uniformly characterised it throughout being maintained, with unabated zeal, to the last. In its finished form of three handsome octavo volumes, largely embellished with cuts, maps, and engravings, the work cannot fail to be a most acceptable addition to our literature, and of no small use in rendering Ireland known, as it deserves to be, in this English side of the channel. To those who take their knowledge of Ireland only from the exaggerated statements of party newspapers, the work must dissipate many prejudices; while the cheering information it affords, will doubtless be productive of much substantial advantage to the country. "During our three annual visits," observes the author and authoress, "we have witnessed its rapid advancement. The foundations of vast prosperity have been laid; and when the delusion of 'Ropeal' shall have vanished, the moral and physical improvement of Ireland will be as sudden and astonishing as a Greenland summer, which in a single night removes the ice-chain that binds the earth, and covers it with refreshing and productive verdure."

In seeking for the causes of this gratifying condition of things, Mr and Mrs Hall consider that much is owing to the Temperance movement. The almost universal adhesion to Temperance principles, they observe, has prodigiously changed the Irish character. Formerly, there were wit, fun, frolicsomeness, fighting, and a general recklessness of behaviour. Now, all this is softened down and sobered; and a spirit for good or evil being abroad among the people, it is absolutely necessary that some healthful excitement should be introduced to replace the unhealthy excitement formerly induced by intoxication. The writers remark, that one means of amusement has already become pretty extensive; music on a social scale is introduced, and brass bands are becoming nearly as numerous as the branches of the Temperance Society. As a new generation, taught to read, grows up, other means lying within the scope of popular literature will be developed, and powerfully contribute to the general melioration.

The establishment of brass bands is a new feature in Ireland, instrumental music being formerly confined to the national pipes, in the hands of a set of remarkable enthusiasts, who travelled the country, carrying their inspiring and welcome strains to the festivals of the highest as well as the lowest in the land. These pipers are now all but extinct—a circumstance reflecting little credit on Irish Antiquarian and other national societies, and which we hope to hear being amended. Mr and Mrs Hall present an account of Rory Oge, one of the few remaining pipers of Ireland, from which we draw the following amusing particulars:—

THE LAST OF THE PIPERS.

"Rory Oge, or Young Rory, as he is always called, is as enthusiastic and yet as knowing a piper as ever 'blew music out of an empty bag.' He is now—or rather was when we saw him—a large portly man, with a bald high brow, down either side of which flowed a quantity of greyish flaxen hair; his nose had a peculiar 'twist,' and his mouth was the mouth of a Momus—full of ready laughter. He was blind from his birth, and jested at this infirmity with great good humour: sometimes he would say that the fairies took away his eyes, 'they war so handsome;' or that he was blinded 'out of mercy to the girls,' who, but for

* This refers to the secret societies, each member of which was numbered, and addressed, and spoken of, by his number, instead of by his name.

† During the scarcity at this period, the bakers' shops were so thronged every morning that, to preserve order, the people were ranged in a rank, by the police, before each shop-door. These ranks were called queues or "talls."

that, would have broke their hearts after him; that they would give him no peace as it was, but that, sure, if the thought of what he would be, 'if his blinkers were to the fore,' almost made himself mad—what would it make others!

Rory was in great request all over the country. His father, Red Rory, the sire, had been universally admired, and Oge inherited his reputation; but the son laid claim to greater musical knowledge than the father. Red Rory never attempted other than the old-established Irish tunes; while Rory Oge, who had visited Dublin, and once heard Catalani sing, assumed the airs of a connoisseur, and extolled his country's music in a scientific way. When he played some of the heart-moving Irish planxtys, at the commencement of the movement he would endeavour to look grave and dignified; but before he was half through, his entire face expanded with merriment, and he would give 'a whoop' with voice and fingers, as it was concluded, that manifested his genuine enthusiasm. Once in his life he had visited Dublin; it was, as we have intimated, for the purpose of hearing Catalani; and when he was in the mood, his uncourtly auditors used to derive great pleasure from the recital of his interview with the queen of song.

'You see,' he would commence, 'I thought it was my duty to hear what sort of a voice she had; and on my way to the grate city, in the cool of the evening, just by a place—they call it by the name of 'the Meeting of the Waters'—in the county Wicklow, if ye ever heard tell of it, and if ye didn't, ye've a grate loss. Well, just in the cool of the evening, I sat, myself and my little boy, by the side of the two strames—and I've always observed that birds sing most and best by the sides of rivers—and it wasn't long till a thrush began in a rowan-tree on the opposite bank, and then another; and then a blackbird would give his tally-ho! of a whistle, high and above all the rest; and so they went on singing together for ever so long; then, two or three would stop, and one grate songster would have it all his own way for a while, until the rest would stand it no longer; and then they'd hark in together, and if there was any pause, why, you'd hear, maybe, the thin, fine note of a finch, or one of the little hedge-birds, like a single thread of silver—so low, and light, and sweet, and delicate; and then the grate flood of music would gush out again. In the midst of it all, the little gorseon fell asleep—and, by the same token, fine melody ever and always set that boy sleeping—and I felt the tears come down my face just with thinking of the beautiful music the Almighty puts into the throats of them fluttering birds, and wondering if the furrin lady could bate the thrush in the rowan-tree. In the afternoon of the next day I was in Dublin, and thinking she was to sing that night, I had hurried myself; but not a bit of her was to tune it up till the night after, and I was kilt intirely with the impatience, and so—but I'll tell you all about it, straight. I thought, for the honour of the country, I'd call upon her; for, troth, I was just fairly ashamed of the fellows that war round her, from all I heard, giving her no idaa of the rale music of Ireland, only playing, night after night, at the theatre, St Patrick's Day, as if there was ne'er another saint in the calendar, nor e'er another tune in the country. Well, I got my pipes claned, and my little guide-boy a bran new shoot of elces; and to be sure I was in the first fashion; and the lace ruffles round my wrists, that my father wore when he rattled the Fox-Hunter's Jig to the House of Commons there, in College Green. And I sent up my card, and by the same token, it was on the back of the tin o' diamonds I had it wrote; I knew the card by the tin pricks of a nail Jimmy Bulger put in it; for I always had great divarshion with the cards, through the invintion of Jimmy—rest his soul!—giving me eyes, as I may say, in the tops of my fingers; and I got the man where I put up to write on it, "Rory Oge, the piper of all Ireland and his majesty, would be proud to insense" Madame Catherlany into the beauties of Irish music.' Ye see, the honour of ould Ireland's melodies put heart into me; and I just went up stairs as bold as a ram, and before she could say a word, I recited her four varses, my own poetry, that I made on her. Oh, bedad, girls! you may wink and laugh; but I'll tell you what—that was what she didn't do. Only, "Mister Ror Ogere," she said, not understanding, you see, and spaking English with the short unmusical clip the Englishers put on their words, "I'm glad to see you, and I'll not be insenced at anything you please to say." "I'm sorry for it, my lady," I makes answer, "though to be sure it's only faamale nature to shut their beautiful eyes upon sense of all kinds." Well, I can't think she understood me rightly, which, maybe, was natural, living as she did among furriners; but she was as kind as a born Irish; she asked me to sit down and play her an Irish jig; and I just said a few words, by the way, to let her see that I wasn't a mere bog-throtting piper, but one that could play anything, Handel or Peter Purcell, or any of the Parley-voes; and betwixt and between them all, there isn't a better air in any of their Roratoreys than a march my own father played one day that restored an ould colonel officer to the use of his limbs; there was the power of music for you!—and maybe she didn't think so, and asked me to play it—and maybe she wasn't delighted! Well, though I was constated enough

to be proud at traducing to her my own family's music, it was the music of my country my heart bade to tache her; and so, after a while, I led on from one to another the fine ould ancient airs, the glories of Ireland—the melodies; and, after all, that's but a poor word to express them in all their grandeur and variety, for melody seems a feeble thing, sweet and feeble; but the wonder of the Irish music—do you see me now—is that its sweetness is never feeble, and its strength never rude; it's just a holy and wonderful thing, like the songs of the birds by the meeting of the waters, or the talking together of angels. Well, jewel Oge! maybe she didn't drink them down; and then "stop," she'd say, and tune them over every note as clear and pure—the darling! faix, I almost forgot the air when she got round it, every note she'd give as clear as the silver bell that the fairies (God bless us!) do be ringing of a midsommer night under the green hills; and then she'd say, "Play another," and, in the midst of it all, would have my little guide into the room, and trated us like a queen to fine ancient wine—and now she says (and didn't that show the lady she was!)—and now she says, "You've played for me, and I'll sing for you," and—she—did—sing!

'And what did you do, Rory Oge, agra!' one of his audience would inquire.

'Why, then, just forgot my dignity altogether; and before she'd half done, I fell upon my knees; I couldn't tell how I did it or why, but I did it, and stopt there till it was finished, every note; and bedad, girls—and now you'll think this hard to believe, but it's true—she put me out of constate with the pipes! she did, bee Jakers! it was as good as a week before I could tatter a note out of 'em; and I left myself a beggar going to hear her sing; and sure enough didn't I rejoice I gave her a taste of the melodies before I heard her, for I don't think I could have played a note before her after. So,' added Rory, drawing himself up, 'you may judge what she was—I never forgot her, and if the Lord had given me a minute's sight to see if she was like her music, I think—the Holy Mother forgive me—I think I should have died a happier man; and yet, when I was loving her, she said, spaking of my music, that I had delighted, but not insenced her about Ireland music; the craythur spoke broken English, you see, and understood nothing else.'

We left Rory in despair at the state of national music, and full of dread that, owing to the heresy of brass bands, he would be the last of the pipers.*

It would scarcely be just to dismiss Mr and Mrs Hall's work without noticing, in terms of commendation, the very beautiful manner in which its mechanical details have been executed; the woodcuts throughout reflect great credit on both the draughtsmen and engravers, and the delicacy and effect with which they and the letter-press are printed by Messrs Bradbury and Evans, afford pleasing evidence of the striking advance recently made in the typographic art.

JOINT-STOCK ASSOCIATIONS AND PARTNERSHIPS.

[From the *Liverpool Mercury*.]

JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES have been of late years extensively resorted to in all cases where the aggregation of a very large capital was deemed necessary for the prosecution of the enterprise. As an instrument for this purpose, there is no doubt that the joint-stock company is especially efficient. The capitals of individuals are necessarily limited, but there seems to be scarcely any limit to the power of aggregation possessed by associations. If we count the capitals of private trading firms by hundreds of thousands, we are considered as speaking of rare cases; we may count the capitals of companies by millions without being suspected of exaggeration.

But with regard to intelligence, prudence, and skill, the matter is reversed. Skill belongs almost exclusively to private trading firms; and it seems generally admitted, that such enterprises alone as are reducible to a routine, can be safely trusted to a joint-stock company. Why a private trading firm has generally more intelligence, prudence, and skill, than a joint-stock company, is not difficult to understand. In the event of an error producing loss, the whole evil in the case of private traders falls on the few partners who constitute the firm; whereas, in the case of a joint-stock company, the loss is spread over a large body of shareholders, the share of the directors or managers in each item of loss being too insignificant to produce a moment's uneasiness. It is for this reason that extravagant expenditure is so often the error of joint-stock companies; and when at length the shareholders and the public are surprised by the consequences of a large number of little mistakes and negligences, it is scarcely possible to point out one single mistake which excited attention at the time, and their occurrence only becomes apparent by the result.

If it be true that the weak point of joint-stock companies is their want of skilful and prudent management, and if that defect arises from the small interest the directors or managers have in a more prudent course, is it not obvious, that, in our efforts to improve the stability of joint-stock companies, we should direct our attention to strengthening the weak point—in other words, that we should endeavour to impart to the joint-stock company all that is practicable of the features of the private trading firm!

That once done, the joint-stock company would become a most efficient instrument for the prosecution of all commercial enterprises requiring a union of the maximum of skill and capital.

It seems to us that the law of partnership of France, of many of the continental nations, and of some of the states of America, provides for this union of skill and capital. The law of France recognises three descriptions of partnership—the *société en nom collectif*, which answers to our ordinary partnership; the *société anonyme*, which answers to our trading corporation; and the *société en commandite*, which is a sort of intermediate partnership between the two, which we shall briefly explain.

The *commandite* partnership may consist of any number of persons, who are divided into two classes; namely, managing partners and shareholders. The managing partners are held to be indefinitely liable for all the engagements of the concern, to the full extent of their private property; whilst the mere shareholders are only responsible to the extent of their contribution. Thus the managers constitute, to all intents and purposes, an ordinary partnership, deeply interested in conducting the operations of the firm with skill and prudence, whilst the shareholders are protected from responsibility beyond the amount of their capital, either paid up or contracted to be paid up. As an instrument for the aggregation of more capital than private traders can usually command, it seems to us that the *commandite* association is rather superior to our joint-stock company; for, first, the shareholders have the protection we have pointed out; and, second, they have a better security, in the unmitigated responsibility of the managers, that the required amount of skill will be forthcoming.

As far as the public are concerned, the security on the whole seems to be much more perfect than that which is now afforded by either a private trading firm or a joint-stock company. In the first place, they have all the security for careful management which a private partnership affords, and they have something more—that something being the accumulation of a larger amount of capital than a private trader can command. In the next place, there is a probability that men will not have placed themselves in the responsible position of managers, without being secure of a sufficient body of shareholders to fulfil all the requirements of the undertaking. Again, shareholders are not likely to come forward unless a good management has been secured. Thus the probabilities are, that a trading or banking company on the *commandite* principle, would not start into existence until what may be called the preliminary elements of success had been first secured—until, in short, the required amount of capital, and description and degree of skill, had been provided.

But the security of the public does not end here. Supposing the affairs of the concern to become less prosperous than might have been anticipated, the *commandite* principle affords a strong security that the affairs of the company would be brought to a close long before the losses of the company should accumulate to an extent to affect the creditors of the association. Though the shareholders are excluded from acts of management, the most perfect control over management is open to them. Finding they derived no dividends from their investments, they would very naturally investigate the cause; and finding that losses had resulted from the management, they would either seek to change that management, or, finding that impracticable or inexpedient, they would decide on winding up the concern. The managers themselves, too, would have a strong interest in not allowing matters to proceed to extremities. The full responsibility with which they are charged would induce them to call the shareholders together, with a view to winding up the concern before the consequences became absolutely disastrous to themselves.

It is not pretended that the *commandite* principle affords a perfect security against failure. That cannot be effected by any system. All commercial associations are more or less affected by the errors of their neighbours, as well as by their own; and, unless prudence could become universal, failure may occur even without imprudence. All that is contended for by the advocates of this principle is, that it affords a higher degree of security for prudent and faithful management, and, therefore, for successful commercial enterprise, than the more limited responsibility of a chartered company, the subdivided responsibility of our joint-stock company, or the full responsibility and limited means of our ordinary partnership.

We cannot afford space either to discuss at length the economical arguments by which the advocates of this system support their own views, or to afford a complete exposition of the law. The law guarantees the complete separation of the managers from the shareholders, and defines their respective functions. It guards the public from being deceived as to whom they are really trusting, by making the least act of management on the part of a shareholder carry with it full responsibility; nay, so jealous is the French law on this point, that it will not allow a shareholder to become an *employé* of the firm to which he has contributed. Even the use of the words, "and company," where there are no dormant partners to warrant the use of these words, is punishable as a fraud by the penal code.

In conclusion, we cannot help thinking, that while public attention is alive on the subject, and more

* 'Insence,' a word in common use, meaning, to make one understand a thing.

especially when the subject is brought before Parliament, a careful investigation of the pretensions of the *commodite* partnership should take place. It may be that, if not wholly applicable to our circumstances, it will be found to be partly so; and evidence could easily be obtained as to the working of the "special partnerships" in some of the commercial states of America, where we have heard they exhibit more stability than ordinary partnerships.

AMERICAN CURRENCY.

[From Thomson's *Travels of a Tradesman*.]

THE greatest annoyance I was subjected to in travelling, was in exchanging money. It is impossible to describe the wretched state of the currency, which is all bills issued by private individuals, companies, cities, and states; almost all of which are bankrupt, or, what amounts to the same thing, they cannot redeem their issues. All the bills are at a discount, varying from 10 to 50 per cent.; and such rags of bills too! In some of the states they issue bank notes for as small sums as three-pence sterling, and in all of them the bills are as low as one dollar. And these do not pass out of the state, or frequently out of the city, in which they are issued. It is true there is, in Charleston, New York, and some of the eastern cities, good money issued by private banks, that can be converted into specie at sight; but the amount of this money in circulation is so small, that it forms no important part of the currency of the country, which is generally in the depreciated "shin-plasters" of these bankrupt banks.

Some of these bills promise to pay (1) in specie; some are issued, promising to be received in payment of debts due to said company; some promise to be paid on demand in current bank notes, which are as bad as their own; some bear a promise to be received in payment of a ride on a railway; all sorts of notes—some bearing interest. But all are depreciated below the specie standard.

There are some American gold and silver, and some English sovereigns; but these are bought and sold like any other commodity, and not generally used in business, except in small sums for change. The specie is mostly in the hands of money-brokers—a numerous class in every town—who make a very profitable business by dealing in exchanges, buying and selling specie, selling cheques on different parts of the country, to men of business and to travellers.

To illustrate this, I shall suppose a case. A traveller arrives in Louisville from New Orleans, and he has twenty dollars of the municipal money of the latter city; they are of no use to him here, for they are not current. He goes to an exchange office, and he gets nineteen dollars for his twenty, equally bad, but they are current in Louisville. The next customer that comes in to the money merchant is going to New Orleans, and he wants to exchange his money for bills that will pass current there; and he gets them on paying a per-centage to the broker. And thus, what gives people travelling a great deal of annoyance, makes a profitable business to the money-changer.

I contrived, as much as possible, to have my money for defraying travelling expenses in American or English gold; but I did not pay it away, as all the charges on the road were expected to be paid in bills below par—the common currency. When I had a payment to make, say of ten dollars, I would go to a broker with two sovereigns, the specie value of which was nine dollars and seventy cents, and get eleven, or, if the paper was very bad, twelve dollar bills for my two sovereigns; and these answered my purpose as well as specie. But the difference was not all profit. When I received thirty dollars of wages for working, say in Cincinnati, I wanted to carry twenty of it away with me; but it was of no use to me out of the state, so I carried it to a broker, and sold it to him for seventeen Spanish milled dollars. And thus, what came in at the door went out at the window, and a little more; for these money-changers charge no regular rates of per-centage; which, indeed, would be impossible in buying or selling bills that are changing their value every day. At the custom-house and post-office, one dollar is estimated equal to four shillings and twopence sterling. One cent is the hundredth part of a dollar, and equal to one halfpenny sterling. These are the legal rates of exchange; but in ordinary business transactions, in most of the states, the comparative value of sovereigns is as changeable as the weather.

SCARLET FEVER.

[From the *Medical Times*.]

Like rubella and variola, scarlatina is a native of the east, first made known to us by the writers of the Saracenic school, and transmitted to Europe by the Crusaders. No account, says Mr E. Wilson, of a disease analogous to scarlet fever appears in the holy writings, whence we infer the non-existence of the disease in Syria and Egypt at the period which those writings describe, and its consequent origin at a posterior date. It is possible that the disease may have been prevalent in India previously to this time, and that its outbreak in Assyria may have resulted from the transportation of the infection by the winds. But, even if by this argument we shift our arena of inquiry to India, we must eventually arrive at the commonly received opinion; namely, the origin of the fever in a local and unknown cause. The infection of scarlatina is an acknowledged axiom, and the infecting distance

is undoubtedly considerable, although not determined by observation. It is communicable by fomites of every description; hence the greatest caution is necessary to be employed in regard to articles of clothing which have been used by the infected person, and also of substances of different kinds which have remained for any time in the infected atmosphere of the sick-chamber. By want of caution in these particulars, the spread of an infectious disease is greatly increased during the prevalence of an epidemic. Scarlet fever is sometimes conveyed from the chambers of the rich to the dwellings of the poor by such fomites; and, on the other hand, the clean linen of the laundress may be the means of transmitting the infectious poison to the persons of the sound. Scarlatina is infectious from the first moment of the existence of constitutional symptoms, for these are the workings of the poisonous ferment; and a convalescent is capable of communicating the disorder for at least three weeks after the decline of the eruption. Hence the necessity of secluding your patients, and preserving strictly that seclusion for a month after the close of the disorder, that is, if you wish to limit the propagation of the fever. In cities, the body-clothes and bed-clothes of the patient should be immersed in cold water as soon as they are removed from the apartment, and afterwards fumigated in an empty room with chlorine; while, in the country, the clothes, after immersion in water, must be dried and thoroughly aired in the meadows, at a distance from habitations, or in such a situation as will enable the winds to convey the noxious poison away from the immediate seat of human residence. Willan has stated his belief, that a nurse who had received the vapour of the lungs, the phlegm from the throat, or the discharge from the nostrils on her clothes or pocket-handkerchief, is in a condition to infect a child whom she may afterwards attend or caress. Dr Sims has remarked that the infection of scarlet fever has remained in the apartments of the house for several weeks after the family had recovered from the disease. And Dr Robert Williams reports the statement of Dr Cook, that he had traced the eruption of scarlet fever in St Bartholomew, during the years 1829, 1830, to a direct importation of fomites; for a family who had suffered from the fever during their passage from America, landed at the island, and communicated the disease to the persons who received them. Dr Murray, in like manner, referring to the prevalence of an epidemic in Aberdeen-shire, observes, that he had seen several instances in which midwives conveyed the scarlet fever to the patients whom they attended. The contagion of scarlatina has been illustrated by experiments made with a view to induce a milder form of disease than that which commonly prevails. These experiments have been unsuccessful in their object, but have furnished proof of the transmissibility of the disease by the inoculation of the blood of the infected patient.

MRS CHALENOR.

We copy the following notice of this lady's decease from the *Literary Gazette* of January 14, penned with the editor's usual kindness of heart:—

"It is only a few short weeks ago that we paid a gentle tribute to a gentle mind, in noticing a little volume of poems by Mrs Chalenor, whose amiable nature and feelings, as displayed in her writings, interested us much. We lament to say that our praise was wasted on

'the dull cold ear of death.'

She died on the Tuesday previous to our Saturday publication. Of Mrs Chalenor we have learnt, that, being the eldest girl of a large family, in humble though respectable life, she was principally employed in the household work, and nursing the younger children. Her father taught her and them writing and arithmetic in the morning before going to business; and it was a check given to her copying some valentines, at sixteen years of age, which gave the first impulse to her desire to write original verse. At the age of twenty-two she married, and had been four years a widow when she died (December 15), at the age of thirty-seven, leaving three orphan children to deplore the loss of a mother who, under more kindly and fostering circumstances, might have shone in a brighter sphere. The annexed lines, written in the excessive suffering of a death-bed, not three weeks from the end of all on earth (November 25), are to us deeply affecting, as not only showing how strong the ruling passion must have been, but how noble and sanctifying its direction:—

Oh, God Almighty! teach my mind
To meet thy wishes all resign'd,
And let no murmuring sigh
Rebellious rise against thy will:
Teach me to bear afflictions still,
Or teach me how to die.

How many a fair and lovely thing
Dwells on this earth to which we cling,
And binds our mortal part;
Friends whom we love—hopes that we prize,
Elders'd by sweet and kindred ties,
That twine around the heart!

Yet still the flowers that bloom so fair
In this bright world are touch'd by care,
That we may look above,
And strive by hope and faith to gain
A respite from our earthly pain,
Beneath thy sheltering love.

Nov. 25, 1842.

M. C.

Well might we write a homily on this theme—the poetry, the aspirations, the yearnings, the elevated sentiments, the faith, and the hope of a lowly shopkeeper. But we will leave reflections to those who feel; and conclude by a stanza added to the above (December 27), by Sarah Reader, the sister of the deceased, which shows that literature and poetry is a family inheritance:—

Mute are the lips that breathed that prayer;
The spirit, freed from grief and care,
Has found eternal rest;
The Power which gave that being life
Recalls it from this world of strife
To regions of the blest."

THE DRAVE AMBASSADOR.

When Sir Charles W— was ambassador at the court of St Petersburg, he found that the intrigues of a party in the Russian cabinet were all directed against our interests; and, with his usual promptness, he wrote despatches to communicate the circumstance to his own government. These despatches were treacherously obtained by the Russians; but as they were found to be in a secret cipher, they were incomprehensible. By the most culpable want of fidelity, however, in some of Sir Charles's household, it was discovered that the key to this cipher was pasted on a screen, which he kept carefully locked up in a closet within his own bed-room; yet, in spite of this precaution, some artful person contrived to get in there, and was thus enabled to decipher his despatches.

The following night he was awakened by his friend, General Rostopchin, who, with the courage and fidelity of real friendship, risked everything to warn him of his danger.

"Fly, my friend!" he exclaimed; "your despatches have been read, the council is now sitting, and it is resolved that you shall be seized and sent to Siberia. Every moment's delay increases your danger. I have prepared everything for your escape; the British fleet is off Cronstadt, and now only can you get on board."

The friendship of this generous Russian had even triumphed over the fidelity which he owed his own sovereign. But Sir Charles, though full of gratitude, refused to take his advice.

"I am here," said he, "as the representative of the British king, and never can I so forget his majesty's dignity as to fly from danger. They may send me to Siberia, at their peril; but I never will voluntarily quit my post. I will immediately appear at the council, and assume my place as the ambassador of England."

With the utmost expedition he arose, and prepared to appear at the Russian council; but with a presence of mind like Lord Nelson's, when he waited to seal his letter with wax, that it might not appear written with precipitation, Sir Charles dressed himself with the utmost precision, in full court dress, to show that he felt perfectly at ease. When he entered the council-chamber, all his enemies seemed to shrink—no one ventured to intercept him as he advanced to the empress. She received him graciously, and, extending her hand to him, looked contemptuously at those around her, saying, "I wish I might possess such a minister as this British ambassador; on him, indeed, his master can justly rely for courage and fidelity."—*Bertha's Journal*.

SHORT SIGHT.

Those who are engaged in occupations which require the long-continued employment of the eyes on minute objects, are more apt to become near-sighted than those who are not thus employed. Mr Lawrence attended a book-sale, and found that out of twenty-three persons who were present, twelve of the number wore glasses. Like several other affections of the eye, myopia is sometimes hereditary, the children of short-sighted parents being more apt than others to be affected with the disease. All minute occupations, such as sewing, long-continued reading, drawing, &c., should be abandoned; the head should be kept erect; the coverings of the neck should be loose; and straining of every kind should be avoided, to prevent increase of congestion. Mild unirritating diet, pure air, active exercise, and the practice of looking at distant objects in the open country, will be very beneficial. The far-seeing eye of the Indian is well-known; and it is asserted that near-sightedness does not exist among the Arabs or Tartars, who are used to roam about, and to look at distant objects. The power, also, which sailors possess of seeing at great distances, is only acquired by practice. An experienced "look-out man" can very soon discern the character and nation of a distant sail, which, to an ordinary observer, might seem a mere speck on the ocean. Some of the exercises of a soldier increase the power of recognising distant objects. "It was not unusual," says Revellie Parise, "to observe that among the troops the sight of many near-sighted conscripts was restored." In the case of a boy born without arms, who possessed the power of writing, &c., with his toes, Dr J. V. C. Smith relates that the power of distinct vision was so much lengthened, that the boy could not see at the usual focal distance, so well as at his feet. By the early applications of concave glasses, the crystalline is kept in a wrong position, and the efforts of nature to overcome the defect are prevented. "Give," says Revellie Parise, "a person with excellent sight a glass slightly concave, and he will at first see less distinctly than with the naked eye. He will, however, soon become so accustomed to its use, that it will not incommode, but even become indispensable to him. Gradually increase the concavity, and you shall see that the organ shall change in a similar manner, so that an individual with good sight will, at the end of a few years, become affected with complete myopia, and will ultimately require glasses of the shortest focus."—*Medical Times*.

* * No contributions in prose or verse are wanted. Notwithstanding this frequently repeated announcement, we continue to receive papers quite unsuitable for publication, and for the return of which—attended with no small labour and expense—we cannot hold ourselves responsible.

For many new works kindly handed to us, we have to offer our best thanks; the practice we generally follow is to notice only such publications as, on personal, we can conscientiously recommend, or the matter of which will afford some degree of interest to our readers.

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